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From the Press of William Caxton

GOWER (John). Confessio Amantis.

5 leaves, folio, *printed in double columns in black letter, 44 lines to the page, exclusive of headlines and signatures; the leaves remargined at the foot and fore-edges, other margins neatly mended; a few words towards the lower outer margins of each page skilfully restored in facsimile, the text otherwise sound* *Westminster, W. Caxton,* 14[8]3

FIRST EDITION. These are the five last printed leaves of the book (folios 217-21). Fol. 221 contains the colophon on its verso: "Enprynted at Westmestre by me Willyam Caxton and fynysshed the ij day of Septembre . . . the yere of our lord a thousand, CCCC, lxxxxiij." The date is mistakenly given as 1493, an extra "x" having been inserted. Caxton had died in 1491. As these leaves occur at the end of the book, they are of particular importance and rarity. Many of the recorded copies lack the initial and the final leaves, these being naturally the most frequently missing in early books.

In 1926 a complete copy was sold by auction in the United States for 20,000 dollars (*i.e.* £4,000 at that time).

Duff, *Fifteenth Century English Books*, 166.

Josiah H. Benton Fd
Jan. 20, 1942
K

She sayd fye on al vntrewe
I salle there deyamye
Whiche had lefte companye
Of achilles whan dyomede
To troye hym fette vpon the nede
Emonge thyse other vpon the grene
I salde also the woofull quene
Cleopatras withim a grane
With serpentes hath hir self bygraue
Al quycke & so she was to wre
For sorowe of that she had lore
Antony whiche hir loue hath he
And forth with I salde hir theste
Which vpon the sharpe swerdes poynte
For loue deyed in sory poynte
And as myn ere it myght knowe
She sayd wo worth al shrewe
The pleyne of proygne & phylomene
There herde I what it wold mene
Holde tereus & his vntrouthe
Condyd hem lothe & that was routhe
And neyte to hem I salde canace
Which maychayr hir faders grace
Hath lefte & deyed in woofull pleyte
And as I salde in my spyryte
Me thought emonge other thus
The doughter of kyng pryamus
Cholypena whom pyrrus slough
Was there & made sorowe y nough
As she which deyed gylteles
For loue & yet was loueles
And for to take the dysporte
I salde there somme of other porte
And that was Circes & calypse
That coude done the mone eclypse
Of men & chaunge the lyfteneste
Of artemagique sorcereste
They lefte in honde many one
To loue whether they wold or none
But aboue al wōmen þ there were
Of wommen I salde foure there
Whos name le here mooste cōmended
By hem the courte stode al amended
Forth doere they come in presence
Men dyd theym the reuerence
As though they had ben goddesses
Of al the world or empresses
And as me thought an ere I leyde
And herd holde that this other seyde
Lo thyes ben the foure wyues
Whos feyth was proued in her lyues
For in ensaumple of al goode
With mariage so they stode
That fame which no grete thing hideth
Yet the cronyke of hem abydeth
Penolope the oone was hote
Whom many a knyght had loued hote
Whyle that hir lorde Vlyxes lay
Ful many a yere and many a day
Vpon the grete syege of troye
But she which had no worldes ioye
But onely of hir husbond
Whyle that her lorde was out of londe
So wel she kept her womanhede
That al the worldy therof wote hede
And name lyche of them in grece
That other woman was lucrece
Wyfe to the romayn collatyne
And she constreyned of tarquyne
To thyng which was ayenst hir wyll
She wold not hir selue spyll
But deyed only for drede of shame
In kepyng of hir goode name
As she which was one of the leste
The thyrd wyfe was hote alceste
Which whan ametus sholde dye
Vpon his grete maladye
She prayed vnto the goddes so
That she receyueth al the wo
And deyed hir self to gyue hym lyfe
So was this thenne a noble wyfe
The fourth wyfe which I there syghe
I herde of them that were nyghe
Hold she was cleped alsione
Which to seiy hir lorde allone
And no mo hir body kept
And what she sawe hym drēche she lepte
Vnto the wawes where he swam

And there a see ful fre
And with hir wynges fre hym fesond
For loue that fre to hym had
Loo thyse foure were tho
Which I salde as me thought tho
Emonge the grete companye
Whiche loue had for to gye
But pongthe whiche in special
Of loues court was marchal
So besy was vpon his laye
That he none hede where he laye
Hath take & than as I beheld
Me thought I salde vpon the felde
Where elde came a softe pas
Toward venus there as she was
With hym grete companye he ladde
But not so fele as pongthe had
The moste parte were of grete age
And that was sene in her vysage
And not for thy so as they myght
They made hem pongely to the syght
But yet I herde no pypers there
To make myrthe in mannes ere
But the mnsyque I myght knolde
For olde men which solden solde
With harpe & lute & cytole
The houe daunce & the carole
In suche a wyse as loue hath lede
A softe pas they daunce & trede
And with the wymmen otherwhyle
With sobre chere emonge they smyle
For laughter was there none or lyte
And nethelees ful wel I syte
That they the more queynte it made
For loue in whom they were glade
And there me thought I myght see
The kyng daupd with kersake
And salamon was not without
Passyng an hundreth in a route
Of wyues & of concubynes
Ielwesses ete and sarazyns
To hym I salde al ientdaunt
I note where he was suffysaunt
But nethelees for al his wyte
He was attached with that write
Which loue with his honde enseleth
From whom none erthly man appeleth
And ouer this as for a wonder
With his leon whiche he put vnder
With dalyda sampson I knelde
Whos loue his strength al ouerthrelde
I salde there arystotle also
Whom that the quene of grece so
Hath brydeled that in thylke tyme
She made hym suche a sylagesyme
That he forgate al his kegyque
Ther was none arte of his practyque
Thorugh which he myght be excluded
That he ne was fully concluded
To loue & dyd his obeysaunce
And ete bygyle of acqueyntaunce
I salde where he the mayden preyd
Which was the doughter as men seyde
Of themperour whylom of rome
Sortes & plato with hym come
So dyd ouyde the poete
I thought thenne hold loue is swete
Which hath so wyse men reclamed
And was my self the lasse ashamed
Or for to lese or for to wynne
In the myschef that I was in
And thus I laye in hope of grace
And whan they came to the place
Where venus stode & I was fulle
This olde men with one voyce alle
To venus prayden for my sake
And she that myght not forsake
So grete a clamour as was there
Lete pyte come in to her ere
And forth with al vnto cupyde
She prayeth that she vpon his syde
Me wold thorugh his grace sende
Some comforte that I myght amende
Vpon the mas which is byfalle
And thus for me they prayden alle
Of hem that weren olde aboute
And ete somme of the ponge rowte
And of gentylesse & pure trouthe

I herd hem telle it was grete routhe
That I without helpe so ferde
And thus me thought I laye & herde

¶ Hic tractat qualiter cupido amātis senectute confracti Miserta persentiens ignita sue concupiscēcie tela ab eo peni tus extraxit quem venus postea absq; calore percipiens vacuum vliquid / Et sic tandem prouisa senectus racionem inuocans hominem interiorem per pri us amore infatuatum mentis sanitati plenius restaurauit

¶ Cupide which may hurt & hele
In loues cause as for my hele
Upon the poynte which I hym preyde
Came with venus where I was leyde
So swolowyng vpon the grene gras
And as me thought anone there was
On euery side so grete prees
That euery eye began to prees
I wote not wel wolde many score
Suche as I spake of nolde tofore
Louers that comen to beholde
But moste of hem that ben olde
They stoden there that at ylke tyde
To see what ende shal betyde
Upon the cure of my sotye
There myght I here grete partye
Spekyng & eche his olyne aduys
Hath tolde one that another this
But emonge al this I herde
They weren woo that I so ferde
And sayden that for no ryote
An olde man shold not assote
For as they tolden redyly
There is in hym no cause why
But yf he wold hym self be nye
So were he wel the more nye
And thus desputen somme of tho
And somme sayden no thynge so
But that the wylde loues rage
In mānes eye forleseth none age
Whyle there is eye for to fyre
The lampes be lyghtly set a fyre
And is ful hard or it be queynte
But onely yf it be somme seynte
And thus me thouzt in sondry place
God which preserueth in his grace
Of hem that walken vp & doun
There was dyuers oppynyon
And so for a whyle it laste
Tyl that cupyde at the laste
Forthwith his moder ful adupsed
Hath determyned & deupsed
Unto what poynte he wolde defende
And al this tyme I was lyggende
Upon the grounde tofore his eyen
And they that my dysese syen
Supposen not that I sholde lyuen
But he which wolde than yeuen
His grace so as it may be
This blynde god which may not see
Hath growd tyl that he me fonde
And as he put forth his honde
Upon my body where I laye
Me thought a fyry launcegaye
Which wyndom thoruzh my herte he cast
He pulleth out & also fast
As thys was do/cupyde name
His were I note where he became
And so dyd al the remenaunte
Which vnto hym was entendaunt
Of hem that in a Dyseyon
Ben hady a vocacion
So as I tolde nolde tofore
But venus wente not therfore
Ne genyus which thylke tyme
Abyden bothe fast byme
And she which may the hertes bynde
In loues cause & eke vnbynde
Or I out of my traunce awoos
Uenus which helde a boye cloos
And wold not I shold deye
Toke out more colde thenne ony keye
An oynement & in suche apoynte
She hath my woundes herte anoynte

My temples & my toyames alſo
And forth with al ſhe tuke me tho
A wonder myrrour for to holde
In which ſhe bad me to beholde
And bad take hede of that I ſeye
Wherin anone my hertes eye
I caſte & ſalve my colour fade
Myn eyen dym & al vnglade
My cheekes thynne & al my face
With elde I myght ſee deface
So ryueled & ſo woo bysayn
That ther was no thyng ful ne playn
I ſalve alſo myn heris hore
My wykke was tho to ſee nomore
Therwith for ther was no pleſaunce
And thenne in to my remembraunce
I dreme myn olde dayes paſſed
And reſon it hath compaſſed

Quod ſtat⁹ hois mẽſibꝫ ãni eq̃pacur

I made a ſtilneſſe of my ſelf
Vnto the ſondry men hes vbelf
Wherof the pere in his eſtate
Is made & ſtaunt in no debate
That lyke to other none accordeth
For who the tymes wel recordeth
And thenne at marche yf he begyn
Whan that the luſty yere cometh in
Tyl it be paſſed ſeptembre
The myghty yongth he may remembre
In which the yere hath his deduyte
Of gras of floure of corne of fruyte
Of leef & eke the wyn grape
And afterward⁹ this tyme is ſhape
To froſt to ſnowe to wynde to reyne
Tyl eſte that marche he come ageyne
The wynter wyl no ſommer knowe
The grene leef is ouer throwe
The clothed⁹ erthe is than bare
Dyſpypleled⁹ is the ſommer fare
That erſt was hote is than colde
And thus thynkyng thoughtes fele
I was out of my ſkoldne aſtrayed
Wherof I ſalve my vyftes aſtrayed⁹
And gan to eſkape hem home agayn
And whan reſon it herde ſeyn
That loues rage was alwey
He came to me the right weye
And hath remeuyd⁹ the ſotye
Of thylke vnlyke fantaſye
Wherof that I was wont to playn
So that of thylke fery payn
I was made ſobre & hole ynough
Venus beheld me thenne & lough
And ayeth as it were in game
What loue was & I for ſhame
Ne wyſt what I ſhold⁹ anſwere
And⁹ nethelеſſe I gan to ſwere
That by my trouth I knowe hym neuer
So ferre it was out of my thought
Right as it had⁹ neuer be
My good⁹ ſone tho qd⁹ ſhe
Now at this tyme I leue it weke
So goeth the fortune of my wreke
For thy my counayl ie thou leue
Madame I ſaid⁹ by your leue
Ye wote wel & ſo do I
That I am vn behouely
Your courte fro this day forth to ſerue
And for I may no thonke deſerue
And alſo for I am refuſed⁹
I praye you to ben excuſed⁹
And nethelees as for the laſte
Whyle that my vyftes hath me laſte
Tolbchyng my confeſſyon
I axe an abſolucion
Of genyus or that I goo
The preſt anone was redy tho
And⁹ ſaid⁹ ſone as of thy ſhryfte
Thou haſt ful pardon & ful yefte
Forpete it thou & ſo wyl I
My holy fader graunte mercy
Quod⁹ I to hym & to the quene
I fyl on knees vpon the grene
And take my leue for to wende
But ſhe that wolde make an ende

As therby which was moste able
A payre of bedes blacke as sable
She toke & hynge myn necke aboute
Upon the gaudees al without
Was wryte of golde pur reposere
To thus she said Johan golbere
Nolb thou arte atte laste caste
Thus laue I for thy mas caste
That thou of loue no more seche
But my wylle is that thou besecche
And praye hereafter for the pres
And that thou make a pleyn relees
To loue which taketh litel hede
Of olde men Upon the nede
Whan that the lustes ben alweye
For thy to the nys but one weye
For which reson be thy gyde
For he may sone hym self myscyde
That seeth not the perylle tofore
My sone be wel ware therfore
And kepe the sentence of my lore
And tarye thou my courte nomore
But goo there moralle Vertu dwelleth
Where ben thy bookes as men telleth
Which of longe tyme thou hast wryte
For this I do the wel to wyte
Yf thou thyn herte wil purchace
Thou myght not make suche a chace
Where that the game is not prouable
It were a thynge Unresonable
A man to be so ouerseye
For thy take here of that I seye
For in the halue of my commune
We be not shapen to comune
Thy self & I neuer after this
Nolb haue I seyd al that there is
Of loue as for thy fynal ende
A selue for I mote fro the wende
And grete wel chaucer whan ye mete
As my disciple & my poete
For in the floures of his youthe
In sondry wyse as he wel couthe
Of dytees & of songes glade
The which he for my sake made
The londe fulfilled is ouer alle
Wherof to hym in specyalle
Aboue al other I am moste holde
For thy nolb in his dayes olde
Thou shalt hym telle this message
That he Upon his latter age
To sette an ende of al his werke
As he which is myn olbne clerke
Do make his testament of loue
As thou hast doon thy shryfte aboue
So that my courte it may recorde
Madame I can me wel accorde
Quod I to telle as ye me bydde
And with that worde it so betydde
Out of syght al sodeynly
Enclosed in a sterred sky
Uenus which is the quene of loue
Was take in to hir place aboue
Nor wyst I not where she bycam
And thus of hir my leue I nam
And forth with al the same tyde
Hir preest which wold not abyde
Or me be leef or me be loth
Out of my syght forth he gooth
And I bas left without helpe
So wyst I not wherof to yelpe
But that onely I had lore
My tyme & was sory therfore
And thus bywhaped in my thought
Whan al was torned in to nought
I stode amased for a whyle
And in my self I gan to smyle
Thynkyng Upon the bedes blake
And how they were me betake
For that I shold byde & praye
And whan I salbe none other waye
But onely that I was refused
Now the lyf which I had vsed
I thought neuer to torne ageyn
And in this wyse soth to sayn
Homelwarde a softe pas I wente
Where as with al myn hole entente
Upon the poynte that I am shryue
I thynke to byde while I lyue

charo precor ypriſte populus quo gau
det iſte / Anglia ne triſte ſubeat rey
ſumme reſiſte / Corrige quoſque fra ꝯ
giles abſolue reatus /Onde deo grat9
Vigeat locus iſte beatus

¶ E Which within dayes ſeuen
This large world forthwith the heuen
Of his eternal prouydence
Hath maad/ & thylke intellygence
In mannes ſoble reſonable
Hath ſhape to be perdurable
Wherof the man of his feture
Aboue al erthely creature
After the ſoble is immortal
To thylke lord9 in ſpecial
As he which is of al thynges
The creatour & of the kynges
Hath the fortunes vpon honde
His grace & mercy for to fonde
Vpon my bare knees I preye
That he this londe in ſybbe weye
Wyl ſette vpon good9 gouernaunce
For yf men taken remembraunce
What is to lyue in vnyte
Ther is no ſtate in his degre
That ne ought to deſyre pees
Without which it is no lees
To ſeche & loke in to the laſte
Ther may no worldes ioye laſte
Fyrſt for to loke the clergye
Hem ought wel to iuſtefye
Thynge which bylongeth to theyr cure
As for to praye & to procure
Our pees toward the heuen aboue
And elle to ſette reſte & loue
Emonge vs on this erthe here
For yf they wrought in this manere
After the rule of charite
I hope that men ſholden ſee
This londe amended & ouer this
To ſeche & look how it is
Touchend of the chyualrye /
Which for to loke in ſomme partye
Is worthy for to be commendyd9
And in ſomme parte to be amendyd9
That of her large reuenue
The londe is ful of meyntenue
Which cauſeth that comyn right
In felde contrees ſtonde vp right
Extorcyon/contek /rauyne
Withholde bey of that couyne
Al day men here greete compleynte
Of the dyſeaſe of the conſtreynte
Wherof the peple is ſore oppreſſyd9
God9 graunte it mote be redreſſyd9
For of kynghthode thordre wolde
That they deffende & kepe ſholde
The comyn right & the fraunchyſe
Of holy chirche in al wyſe
So that no wycked9 man it dere
And therof ſcrueth ſhelde and ſpere
But for it goeth nold other weye
Our grace goeth the more alweye
And9 for to bleye ouermore
Wherof the peple pleynen ſore
Tolbard the talbes of our londe
Men ſay þ trouth hath broke his bōde
And with bwrage is gooy alweye
So that no man can ſee the weye
Wher for to fynde right wiſneſſe
And9 yf men ſeke ſykerneſſe
Vpon the lucre of marchandye
Compaſſement & trycherye
Of ſynguler prouffyte to wynne
Men ſayn is cauſe of mockel ſynne
And9 namely of dyuyſyoun
Which many a noble toun
Fro welthe & fro proſperyte
Hath brought to grete aduerſyte
So were it good9 to be alkone
For mockel grace therupon
Conth the cytees ſholde fulle
Which myght auayle to vs alle
Yf thyſe eſtates amended were
So that the vertues ſtoden there
And that the vyces were alweye
Me thynketh I durſt thenne ſeye

This londes grace sholde aryse
But yet to loke in other wyse
Ther is astate as ye shal here
Aboue al other on erthe here
Which hath the londe in his balaunce
To hym belongeth the legeaunce
Of clerke of knyght of man of lawe
Vnder his honde al is forth drawe
The marchaunt & the labourer
So stante it al in his power
Or for to spylle or for to saue
But though he suche power haue
And that his myghtes be so large
Yl hath hem nought without charge
To which that euery kyng is sworne
So were it good that he therfore
Fyrst vnto the rightwysnes entende
Wherof that he hym self amende
Toward his god & leue hys
Which is the chief of his offyce
And after al the remenaunt
He shal vpon his couenaunt
Gouerne & lede in suche a wyse
So that there be no tyrannyse
Wherof that he his peple greue
Or elles may he nought achieue
That longeth to his regalye
For yf a kyng wyl justefye
His londe & hem that ben within
Fyrst at hym self he must begyn
To kepe & rule his owne estate
That in hym self be no debate
Toward his god for otherwyse
Ther may none erthely kyng suffyse
Of his kyngdom the folke to lede
But he the kyng of hem drede
For what kyng sette hym vpon pride
And taketh his luste on euery syde
And wyl not goo the right weye
Though god his grace cast alweye
No wonder is/ for atte laste
He shal wel wyte it may not laste
The pompe which he secketh here
But what kyng with humble chere
After the lawe of god escheweth
The vyces/ & the vertues seweth
His grace shal be suffysauunt
To gouerne al the remenaunt
Which longeth to his duete
So that in his prosperite
The peple shal not be oppressyd
Wherof his name shal be blessed
For euer & be memorialle
And nowe to speke as in synalle
Tolbechyng that I vndertook
In englysshe for to make a book
Which stante bytwene erneste & game
I haue it made as thylke same
Which axe for to be excused
And that my book be not refused
Of lerned men when they it se
For lacke of curyosyte
For thylke scole of eloquence
Belongeth not to my science
Vpon the forme of rethorike
My wordes for to peynte & pyke
As tullyus somtyme wrote
But this I knowe & thus I wote
That I haue done my trewe peyne
With rude wordes & with pleyne
In al that euer I couthe & myght
This book to wryte as I behyght
So as seknes it suffre wolde
And also for my dayes olde
That I am feble & impotente
I wote not how the worlde is wente
So praye I to my lordes alle
Now in myn age how so byfalle
That I mote stonden in theyr grace
For though me lacke to purchace
Her worthy thonke as by deserte
Yet the symplesse of my pouerte
Desyreth for to do plesaunce
To hem vnder whos gouernaunce
I hope syker to abyde
But nowe vpon my last tyde
That I this book haue made & wryte
My muse dothe me for to wyte

And saith it shall be for my beste
Fro this day forth to take reste
That I nomore of loue make
Which many a herte hath ouertake
And ouerwrought as the blynde
Fro reson in to salue of kynde
Where as the wysdom goeth alwey
And can not see the right weye
Holde to gouerne his owne estate
But euery day stande in debate
Within hym self & can not leue
And thus for thy my synal leue
I take nold for euermore
Without makyng ony more
Of loue & of his dedly fele
Which no physycyen can hele
For his nature is so dyuers
That it hath euer somme trauers
Or of to moche or of to lyte
That playnly may no man delyte
For hym fayleth or that or this
But thylke loue whych that is
Within a mannes herte affermed
And stande of charyte confermed
Suche loue is goodly for to haue
Suche loue may the body saue
Suche loue may the solde amende
The hygh god suche loue vs sende
Forthwith the remenaunt of grace
So that aboue in thylke place
Where resteth loue & al pees
Our iope may be endeles

Amen

¶ Explicit iste liber qui transeat obscuro liber / Vt sine liuore bigeat lectoris in ore / Qui sedet in scannis ali det ut ista Johannis / Perpetuis annis stet pagina grata britannis / Derbie comiti recolunt quem laude periti / Wade liber prius sub eo requiesce futurus

Epistola super huius operis fel opusculi sui complementum Johanni Gower a quodã philosopho transmissa

¶ Quam sincere freta gower tua carmina leta / Per loca discreta canit anglia laude repleta / Carminis at leta satimus tibi sine poeta / Sit laus completa quo gloria stat sine meta

¶ Quia Vnusquisq; prout a deo accepit alijs impartire tenetur Johes gower super hijs que deus sibi intellectua liter donauit Vilificationis sue racionem dum tempus instat secundum aliquid alemare cupiens inter labores et occa ad alionum noticiam tres libros doctrine causa forma subsequenti propterea composuit

¶ Primus liber gallico sermone editus in decem diuiditur partes & tractans de Vicijs et Virtutibus necnon & de variis huius seculi gradibus namq; ho peccator transgressus od sui creatoris agnicionem redire debet recto tramite dare conatur / Titulus libelli istius Speculũ hominis nuncupatus est

¶ Secundus enim liber sermone latino hexibus exame tri compositus tractat super iiio mirabili euentu qui in anglia tempore Regis Ricardi secundi Anno regni sui quarto contigit quando seruiles rusticj impetuose contra nobiles et ingenuos regni insurrexerũt innocenciam tamen dicti domini regis tunc iunioris etatis causam inde excusabilem pronuncians culpas aliunde et quibus et non a fortuna talia inter homines contingunt enormia euidenius declarat titulus que voluminis huius cuius ordo septem continet paginas / Woy clamantis nominatur

Tercius iste liber anglico sermone in
cto partes diuisus qui ad instanciam
serenissimi principis dei domini regis
anglie ricardi secundi confiatur / Secū
dum diuiciis prophciam / Sup huiuf
modi regnorum mutacione a tempore
regis nabogodonosor Vsqz nunc tempo
ra distinguit / Tractat eciam secundum
nectanabum et aristotilem / Super hijs
quibus rex alexander tam in sui regi ꝫ
mine q̄ aliter super amorem et aman ꝫ
tum condiciones fundamentum habet
Vbi variarum cronicarum historiarum
qz finem necnon poetarum philosopho ꝫ
rum qz scripture ad exemplum distin
ctius inseruntur nomen qz presentis o ꝫ
pusculi Confessio amantis specialiter
nuncupatur

¶ Carmen quod quidam philosophus
in memoriam Johannis Golber super
consummacione suorum trium librorum
forma sub sequenti composuit / et eidem
gratanter transmisit

¶ Eneidos Bucolis que georgica me
tra perhennis / Virgilio laudis certa
dedere scolis / Hijs tribus ille libris
prefertur honorē poetis / Roma qz pre
cipuis laudibz Instat eis / Golber sit
que tuis trikus est dotata libellis
Anglia morigeris qno tua scripta se ꝫ
ris / Alle que latinis tantum sua me
tra loquelis / Scripsit Vt Italicis sint
recolenda notis / Te tua set trinis tria
scribere carmina linguis / Constat Vt
inde viris sit scola lata magis
Gallica lingua / prius latina secunda
set ortus / Lingua tui vatis anglica
complet opus / Alle quidem sanis / vo
manas obstupet aures / Ludit et in
studijs musa pagana suis / Set tua
ypristicolis fulget scriptura renatis
Quo tibi celicolis laus sit habēda leas

Quis sit vel qualis / sacer ordo cōnu ꝫ
bialis / Scripsi mentalis sit amor qd ꝫ
in ordine talis / Exemplo veteri pote ꝫ
runt ventura timeri / Cras caro sicut
hri / leuiter valet illa moueri / Non ita
gaudebit sibi qui de carne placebit
Quin corpus flebit aut spūs inde do ꝫ
lebit / Carne refrenatus / qui se regit
inmaculatus / Omnes quoque status
precellet in orbe beatus / Alle deo gra ꝫ
tus / splendet ad omne latus

¶ Carmen qd Johannes golber super
amoris multiplicia varietate sub compen
dio metrice composuit /

¶ Est amor in glosa / pax bellica / lis
pietosa / Accio famosa / vaga sors / vis
imperiosa / Pugna quietosa / victoria
perniciosa / Regula discosa / scola dui
uia / lex capitosa / Cura molestosa / gra
uis acs / Virtus viciosa / Gloria damp
nosa / flens / risus / et ira iocosa / Musa
dolorosa / mors leta / febris preciosa
Esca venenosa / fel dulce / fames ani ꝫ
mosa / Vitis actiosa / sitis ebria / mens
furiosa / Flamma pruinosa / nox cla ꝫ
ra dies tenebrosa / Res dedignosa / soci
alis et ambiciosa / Garrula verbosa / se
creta silene studiosa / Fabula formo ꝫ
sa / sapiencia prestigiosa / Causa ruinosa
rota / risa quies operosa / Orticata rosa
spes stulta / fides que dolosa

¶ Magnus in exiguis variatus vt est
tibi clamor / Fixus in ambiguis mo
tibus erat amor / Instruat audite
tibi lector sit repetita / Mors amor et
vita / participantur ita

Lex docet auctor quod iter carnale bo
norum / Tucius est quorum sunt fedra
coniugiorum / Fragrat vt ortorum ro
sa plus q̄ germen agrorum

Ordo matrimonii caput ℭ et finis amen

Hec est nuptorum carnis quasi regula morum / Que saluandorum sacratur in orde virorum / Hinc Petrus anorum Golber sub spe meritorum / ¶ Ordine sponsorum tutus adhibeo thorum

Ordo martyrum caput ℭ et finis amen

¶ Orate pro anima Johannis Golber Quicunque enim pro anima ipsius Johannis Golber orauerit toties quoties mille Quingentos dies indulgencie ab ecclesia rite confesso misericorditer in domino possidebit

¶ Enprynted at Westmestre by me Wilkyam Caxton and fynysshed the ij day of Septembre the fyrst yere of the regne of Kyng Richard the thyrd / the yere of our lorde a thousand / CCCC / lxxxxiij /